

Troilus and Cressida.

Here comes Patroclus.

Nes. No Achilles with him?

Vlis. The Elephant hath ioyns, but none for curtesie:
His legges are legs for necessitie, not for flight.

Patro. Achilles bids me say he is much sorry:
If any thing more then your sport and pleasure,
Did moue your greatnesse, and this noble State,
To call vpon him; he hopes it is no other,
But for your health, and your digestion sake;
An after Dinners breath.

Aga. Heare you Patroclus:
We are too well acquainted with these answers:
But his euasion winged thus swift with scorne,
Cannot outflye our apprehensions.
Much attribute he hath, and much the reason,
Why we ascribe it to him, yet all his vertues,
Not vertuously of his owne part beheld,
Doe in our eyes, begin to loose their glossie;
Yea, and like faire Fruit in an vnholdsome dish,
Are like to rot vntasted: goe and tell him,
We came to speake with him; and you shall not sinne,
If you doe say, we thinke him ouer proud,
And vnder honesty in selfe-assumption greater
Then in the note of iudgement; & worthier then himselfe
Here tends the sauage strangenesse he puts on,
Disguise the holy strength of their command:
And vnder write in an obseruing kinde
His humorous predominance, yea watch
His pettish lines, his ebs, his flowes, as if
The passage and whole carriage of this action
Rode on his tyde. Goe tell him this, and adde,
That if he ouerhold his price so much,
Weele none of him; but let him, like an Engin
Not portable, lye vnder this report.
Bring action hither, this cannot goe to warre:
A stirring Dwarfie, we doe allowance giue,
Before a sleeping Gyant: tell him so.

Pat. I shall, and bring his answer presently.
Aga. In second voyce weele not be satisfied,
We come to speake with him, Vlis. enter you.

Exit Vlis.

Aiax. What is he more then another?
Aga. No more then what he thinks he is.
Aiax. Is he so much, doe you not thinke, he thinks
himselfe a better man then I am?

Ag. No question.
Aiax. Will you subscribe his thought, and say he is?
Ag. No, Noble Aiax, you are as strong, as valiant, as
wile, no lesse noble, much more gentle, and altogether
more traſtable.

Aiax. Why should a man be proud? How doth pride
grow? I know not what it is.

Aga. Your minde is the cleerer Aiax, and your vertues
the fairer; he that is proud, eates vp himselfe; Pride is his
owne Glasie, his owne trumpet, his owne Chronicle, and
what euer praises it selfe but in the deede, deuoures the
deede in the praise.

Enter Vlis.

Aiax. I do hate a proud man, as I hate the ingendring
of Toades.

Nes. Yet he loues himselfe tis not strange?
Vlis. Achilles will not to the field to morrow.

Ag. What's his excuse?

Vlis. He doth relye on none,
But carries on the streame of his dispose,
Without obseruance or respect of any,

In will peculiar, and in selfe admission.

Aga. Why, will he not vpon our faire request,
Vntent his person, and share the ayre with vs?

Vlis. Things small as nothing, for requests sake onely
He makes important; posselt he is with greatnesse,
And speakes not to himselfe, but with a pride
That quarrels at selfe-breath. Imagin'd wroth
Holds in his bloud such swolne and hot discourse,
That twixt his mentall and his actiue parts,
Kingdom'd Achilles in commotion rages,
And batters gainst it selfe; what should I say?
He is so plaguy proud, that the death tokens of it,
Cry no recovery.

Ag. Let Aiax goe to him.

Deare Lord, goe you and greete him in his Tent;
'Tis said he holds you well, and will be led
At your request a little from himselfe.

Vlis. O Agamemnon, let it not be so.
Weele consecrate the steps that Aiax makes,
When they goe from Achilles; shall the proud Lord,
That bastes his arrogance with his owne seame,
And neuer suffers matter of the world,
Enter his thoughts: saue such as doe reuolue
And ruminare himselfe. Shall he be worshippt,
Of that we hold an Idoll, more then hee?
No, this thrice worthy and right valiant Lord,
Must not so staule his Palme, nobly acquir'd,
Nor by my will asubingate his merit,
As amply titled as Achilles is: by going to Achilles,
That were to enlard his fat already, pride,
And adde more Coles to Cancer, when he burnes
With entertaining great Hiperion.
This L. goe to him? Iupiter forbid,
And say in thunder, Achilles goe to him.

Nes. O this is well, he rubs the veine of him.

Dis. And how his silence drinckes vp this applause.

Aiax. If I goe to him, with my armed fist, Ile pash him
ore the face.

Ag. O no, you shall not goe.

Aiax. And a be proud with me, ile phee his pride: let
me goe to him.

Vlis. Not for the worth that hangs vpon our quarrel.

Aiax. A paulty insolent fellow.

Nes. How he describes himselfe.

Aiax. Can he not be sociable?

Vlis. The Rauens chides blacknesse.

Aiax. Ile let his humours bloud.

Ag. He will be the Physitian that should be the pa-
tient.

Aiax. And all men were a my minde,

Vlis. Wit would be out of fashion.

Aiax. A should not beare it so, a should eate Swords
first: shall pride carry it?

Nes. And 'twould, you'd carry halfe.

Vlis. A would haue ten shares.

Aiax. I will knede him, Ile make him supple, hee's not
yet through warme.

Nes. Force him with praises, poure in, poure in: his am-
bition is dry.

Vlis. My L. you feede too much on this dislike.

Nes. Our noble Generall, doe not doe so.

Diom. You must prepare to fight without Achilles.

Vlis. Why, 'tis this naming of him doth him harme.

Here is a man, but 'tis before his face,

I will be silent.

Nes. Wherefore should you so?

He

Troilus and Cressida.

He is not emulous, as Achilles is.

Vlis. Know the whole world, he is as valiant.

Aiax. A horson dog, that shal palter thus with vs, would
he were a Trojan.

Nes. What a vice were it in Aiax now —

Vlis. If he were proud.

Dis. Or couetous of praise.

Vlis. I, or surley borne.

Dis. Or strange, or selfe affected.

V. Thank the heauens L. thou art of sweet composure;

Praise him that got thee, (he that gaue thee sucke:

Fame be thy Tutor, and thy parts of nature

Thrice fam'd beyond, beyond all erudition;

But he that disciplin'd thy armes to fight,

Let Mars deuide Eternity in twaine,

And giue him halfe, and for thy vigour,

Beall-bearing Milo: his addition yeelde

To sinowie Aiax: I will not praise thy wisdom,

Which like a bourne, a pale, a shore confines

Thy spacious and dilated parts; here's Nestor

Instructed by the Antiquary times:

He must, he is, he cannot but be wise.

But pardon Father Nestor, were your dayes

As Greene as Aiax, and your braine so temper'd,

You should not haue the eminence of him,

But be as Aiax.

Aiax. Shall I call you Father?

Vlis. I my good Sonne.

Dis. Be rul'd by him Lord Aiax.

Vlis. There is no tarrying here, the Hart Achilles

Keepes thicker: please it our Generall,

To call together all his state of warre,

Fresh Kings are come to Troy; to morrow

We must with all our maine of power stand fast:

And here's a Lord, come Knights from East to West,

And cull their flowre, Aiax shall cope the best.

Ag. Goe we to Counsaile, let Achilles sleepe;
Light Botes may saile swift, though greater bulkes draw
deepe. Exeunt. Musicke sounds within.

Enter Pandarus and a Seruant.

Par. Friend, you, pray you a word: Doe not you fol-
low the yong Lord Paris?

Ser. I sir, when he goes before me.

Par. You depend vpon him I meane?

Ser. Sir, I doe depend vpon the Lord.

Par. You depend vpon a noble Gentleman: I must
needes praise him.

Ser. The Lord be praised.

Pa. You know me, doe you not?

Ser. Faith sir, superficially.

Pa. Friend know me better, I am the Lord Pandarus.

Ser. I hope I shall know your honour better.

Pa. I doe desire it.

Ser. You are in the state of Grace?

Pa. Grace, not so friend, honor and Lordship are my
title: What Musique is this?

Ser. I doe but partly know sir: it is Musicke in parts.

Pa. Know you the Musicians.

Ser. Wholly sir.

Pa. Who play they to?

Ser. To the hearers sir.

Pa. At whose pleasur friend?

Ser. At mine sir, and theirs that loue Musicke.

Pa. Command, I meane friend.

Ser. Who shall I command sir?

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